

FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF ITS COUNTRYMEN
AVERAGE NO. OF 'WANTS' PRINTED DAILY: 1,980!
Circulation LAST MONTH: 290,336.
PRICE ONE CENT.

CONVENTION EXTRA A KICKER.

Johnny O'Brien Still Refuses to Support Depew.

Fassett Will Be New York's National Committeeman.

Blaine and Gresham Boomers Come to Blows.

The Convention Called to Order at 11:07 A. M.

THE STORY OF THE BULLETINS.

They Tell How the Convention Did Its Fourth Day's Work.

IT SPECIAL POSTAL WIRE TO THE EVENING WORLD: CONVENTION HALL, CHICAGO, June 22.—It is now receiving the multitude it is soon to cover. It is warm, but not as warm as yesterday morning. There is a feeling that a nomination will be made to-day.

10:40 A. M.—Chairman Estee has arrived.

11:01 A. M.—Col. Fred Grant is cheered as he enters the hall.

11:01 A. M.—Delegates sling in rapidly. There will be a jam in the hall.

11:07 A. M.—Chairman calls convention to order.

11:10 A. M.—Order has not yet been secured.

11:17 A. M.—The biggest crowd of the convention is present to-day and considerable confusion may be expected.

11:17 A. M.—Cries of "Foraker" as Ohio's Governor comes in.

BEFORE THE BALLOTING.

There Were Many Conferences Last Night, but Apparently Without Result.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

CHICAGO, June 22.—Within a few hours from the time this dispatch is filed the result of the first ballot for President in the Republican National Convention will be known throughout the Union. The convention is to recess at 11 A. M., Chicago time, but it is doubtful if the roll call of States will begin before 11:30. The thirty minutes' grace will give 10,000 people a chance to sharpen pencils and prepare their tally sheets.



LOBBY OF THE GRAND PACIFIC.

The managers of the various booms and the assistant wire-pullers of the numerous favorite sons did not retire until the few small hours of the morning, and few of them have been seen at their headquarters yet. At midnight last night the corridors of the Grand Pacific were jammed with crowds of shouters and boomers and at 1 o'clock this morning the hotel re-echoed with the shrill cry of the Indiana, who are never tired of yelling for Ben Harrison.

THE BLAINE OR BUSTERS ARE LUSTY SHOUTERS.

The lusty followers of John Sherman replied with cheers for the Senator, and the Ohioans appeared to be more confident than ever that their chieftain would win the prize. But above all arose the cry of "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" Whenever cheers were proposed for Harrison, Sherman or Gresham, some one would propose three cheers for Blaine, and how the Blaine or Busters would yell!

While all this shouting was going on in the corridors, the bosses of the State delegations and their deputy bosses were marshaling their forces. The managers of the various candidates were rushing from headquarters to headquarters. Gov. Foraker, ex-Gov. Foster and Congressman McKinley and Butterworth, the Ohio "big four," were clustered together and were keeping Sherman busy. Ex-Senator Thomas O. Platt, Louis F. Payson, Senator Hisscock and ex-Senator Warner Miller were in Mr. Platt's room.

WAY DID MR. PLATT WANT TO SEE DEPWE?

At 1 o'clock A. M. Mr. Platt came out of the caucus. As he stood in the corridor, mopping his brow, he said to Senator Fassett: "We want to see Depew and we cannot find him."

As might be expected, there are plenty of rumors flying around, and all sorts of boasts and prophecies are heard two hours before the first ballot. The Ohio men are claiming that Sherman will be nominated, and assert that he will get the Gresham votes after two or three ballots.

There appears to be a good foundation for the rumors that the Sherman people are preparing to fight any attempt to stampede the convention for Blaine.

DON INGERMOLL ON THE SITUATION.

Col. Bob Ingersoll said to THE EVENING WORLD correspondent a few moments ago: "It seems to me as if the contest will narrow itself down to this: The Sherman people will use all their power and votes to prevent a Blaine cyclone; the friends of Mr. Blaine will oppose the nomination of John

Sherman. What the result will be is hard to guess, but it will be an easier political question to answer this hot weather. This is a very queer convention."

JOHNNY O'BRIEN HOLDS OUT AGAINST DEPWE.

The New York delegates have met and all efforts to get John J. O'Brien to vote for Depew have failed. New York will, therefore, give Depew 71 votes. O'Brien will vote for Blaine, as he has all along proclaimed he would.



IN THE IOWA HEADQUARTERS.

The New York delegates met at 10 o'clock. Mr. Depew was absent, and was represented by Senator John S. Raines, his alternate. Ex-Senator Miller presided. Ex-Senator Platt and his followers were all present.

SENATOR FASSETT'S NEW HONOR.

Senator Fassett was unanimously elected a member of the National Committee. Delegate Willis, of Brooklyn, wanted the resolution read which pledged the delegates to support Depew. Ex-Senator Miller replied that no resolution to that effect had been written out. The delegates who were present at Monday's meeting had voted on a roll call to vote for Mr. Depew; that should be considered as binding.

The delegates should, he said, stand by Depew until they met again and decided otherwise. Senator Raines said that every delegate should remain steadfast to Depew.

"I was not present when it was agreed to support Mr. Depew. I do not consider that I am bound to vote for him. I intend to vote for James G. Blaine on the first and every other ballot."

No reply was made to O'Brien's remarks, and the delegates left for Convention Hall.

WILL DEPWE'S FRIENDS BREAK TO SHERMAN?

It is now said that Mr. Depew's friends on the New York delegation may, after a number of ballots, vote for Sherman to crush Platt and his faction. If they do so Sherman would have a good show for the nomination.

Mr. Depew and his friends are still suspicious of Platt, and if the Depew forces withdraw Depew, they are likely to go to Sherman. The Blaine or busters may then put the Plumed Knight before the convention.

BOOMERS CAME TO BLOWS.

And One Gresham Man Was Stripped of His Clothing.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, June 22.—When a Blaine procession late last night marched into the rotunda of the Grand Pacific Hotel with a band of music and hoisted their transparencies a Gresham procession had just returned to the hotel only a few minutes before.

The Gresham men brought out a couple of transparencies and hoisted them to counteract the cheering for the man from Maine. The din now became frightful. The big rotunda was a solid mass of humanity. Men stood on lounges, chairs and wherever they could obtain a foothold.

Cheers for Blaine and counter-cheers for Gresham rent the air. Clark street was impassable. Hats were hoisted on canes and umbrellas. "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" came from a thousand throats.

Suddenly the man carrying the Blaine transparency was hoisted on the shoulders of a group of enthusiasts. The crowd went wild.

Then the Gresham men did the same thing. Men pulled off their coats, climbed on top of each other and waved the names of Blaine and Gresham within a few feet of each other.

A Gresham man climbed a pillar to the projection above the capital and pushed his banner against the ceiling. Then the crowd went wild.

He had hardly descended when Blaine men set upon him, and in a second every vestige of clothing was torn from his back.

The Gresham partisan pounced on another in the face and several of the men were knocked down.

Policemen in vain tried to force their way through the dense crowd, but before they reached the combatants the struggle was over. Such a scene was never known in Chicago before.

AN SPECIAL VIEW OF THE G. O. P. PLATFORM.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, June 22.—*Pail Mail Gazette*, in reviewing the Republican platform, asserts that the Republican leaders have lost their astuteness and seem to depend for their success upon popular ignorance of economic questions if not actual stupidity.

Their only hope of success, the paper says, is in the nomination of a Tariff Reform man, and the mark of free trade will divide the country like slavery. Cleveland, the *Gazette* believes, will win easily.

A New Railroad Incorporated.

Articles of incorporation of the Prospect Park and South Brooklyn Railroad Company are on file in the County Clerk's office, as approved by the Supreme Court. The road is to be run from Gravesend avenue through New Utrecht to the foot of Thirty-eighth street. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. The road is an annex to Coney Island Park and Coney Island road, and its principal stockholder is Andrew R. Culver, who holds 177 shares, and the balance of the stock is held by S. H. McKillop, Lyman S. Stacey, Arthur D. Campbell, and C. C. Rogers. The road is to be built by David K. Young, Jesse Johnson, Robert B. Attey, John L. Culver, Richard Schermerhorn and Aaron B. Conen.

Where Is William A. Green?

Mrs. Green, an old lady living at No. 123 North Fifth street, Eastern District, visited the Commissioners of charities yesterday and stated she was very anxious about her twenty-one-year-old son, William A. Green, who has not been heard of since May 8. Her son, she said, worked in a Bushwick avenue tin factory, and passed some of his time at the table, where most of his earnings were used. She was given a letter to the keepers of the Morgue, and she went there in search of her son. The police have also been notified.

FAR ROCKAWAY'S MYSTERY.

A GUEST AT JOHNSON'S PAVILION STABBED AND THROWN IN THE SURF.

Shouts for Help Heard in the Man's Room Wednesday Night—A Blood-Soaked Knife Under the Pillow—Mystery as to the Man's Identity—Supposed to Be John Baugh, an "L" Road Engineer.

Rockaway Beach is greatly excited to-day over the murder of a guest at Johnson's Pavilion.

The murdered man had been at the Pavilion since Sunday last and had been almost constantly drunk. All day prior to the finding of his body in the surf with three stab wounds in his abdomen he was on a roaring drunk with one George Washington Smith, a former Rockaway saloon proprietor, now out of business.

Smith's companion was put to bed at 7 P. M. by Bella Murray, a servant at the Pavilion, and Smith had the adjoining room. A knife covered with blood was found under the pillow in the dead man's room.

Johnson, the proprietor of the Pavilion, is also the proprietor of the cheap lodging-house known as the Spencer House, at 93 Bowers, and was found there by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning.

He said that the first he saw of the dead man was at James Bowe's liquor saloon at Rockaway last Sunday. The man wanted a room and Bowe referred him to Johnson, who took him to the Pavilion. Both Johnson and the dead man came to New York Monday, and while here the dead man, whose name is unknown, changed a twenty-dollar gold piece. He returned to the beach with Johnson, who came back to the city with the other.

Johnson said the man had said at one time that his name was Miller, but in answer to most inquiries as to his identity said that he was nobody. Johnson said he had seen the gold watch which is said to have been stolen from the dead man.

Paul Kelber, a carpenter, who lives at the Collinson Hotel, in the Bowers, and who was at work at the Pavilion at the time of the murder, said that he thought the dead man was crazy. He was certainly drunk all the while he was at the beach.

Kelber says he went to bed at 3:30 Wednesday morning and demanded drink, and Kelber, at the request of Mrs. Johnson, put them out of the house.

Kelber says he went to bed at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday night, and was awakened at 11 P. M. by Frank Nelson coming up to his room and calling out, "Paul! Paul! I'm out to pieces."

Nelson is a paper-hanger and resides in Thirty-fourth street. He was acting as bartender at the time, and had his head cut open with a beer glass in a quarrel about Bella Murray, Johnson's servant.

Kelber said he did not know who made the assault on Nelson, and that there was no one in the barroom when he rushed down.

Dr. Caldwell, who Kelber said was present at the time of the fight, saved Nelson's scalp.

The dead man is supposed to be John Baugh, an elevated railroad engineer, who formerly resided at 172 Third street. He was about fifty years old, and it is conjectured that he met his death in this barroom fight, and that his body was disposed of in the surf.

Joseph Kelber, thirty-five years old, of 76 King street, this city, was arrested by Capt. Kavanagh this morning on suspicion of being connected with the murder. He has been living with Belle Murray for some time and has just been arrested by Capt. Kavanagh.

Wednesday, when he got into an altercation with a man who is said to have been Baugh. It is said that on Thursday morning he saw the body of the dead man on the beach, and that he called out to the police.

Capt. Kavanagh will arrest George W. Smith, and Bella Murray as soon as they can be found.

An inquest will be held to-day at Loeser's Hotel, by Coroner Cronin and a jury.

MRS. PARSONS ARRESTED.

She Was Distributing Anarchistic Pamphlets Among the Republican Delegates.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, June 22.—Mrs. Parsons, the widow of the arch-anarchist, was arrested this morning in front of the Grand Pacific Hotel. She was distributing pamphlets advocating her late husband's book among the delegates when a policeman seized her. Here she was taken to the city hall.

"Have I one more wish?" said Parsons with that familiar flash in his eyes when, a few days before that black Friday, I called to him about the beach. He did not answer. He never tire in advocating our high principles in the warfare between cowardice and tyranny. Never cease until the American people are free, and we are ordered to the place of fanaticism characterizing our condemnation is understood.

The Tax Office Won.

The clerk of the New York Tax Office suffered a defeat yesterday afternoon at the hands of the clerks of the Brooklyn Tax Office. The game was played at the Prospect Park ball grounds, and a large crowd of spectators was present. The game was called at 2:30, and the Brooklyn Tax Office was victorious.

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SULLIVAN WILL FIGHT.

But He Doesn't Want Any More Fanny Bunches—Arguments with Small Men.

The friends of John L. Sullivan and Sullivan himself felt a little uneasy at the efforts of one of his ex-managers in published interviews to disparage him before the public, it being persistently stated by a certain party that the great pugilist continues to indulge excessively in strong drink, that his appetite for it is beyond curb, and that as a pugilist he is irretrievably sunk to the second class. Sullivan is now strictly attending to his business. He spends a few days with John J. Doran's circus, and he is determined to show that he is not the wreck that he is being pictured. As for fighting, he is resolved not to pay any attention to the challenges of any one until his season is ended. He doesn't propose to make "the reputation of a batch of rascals" by fighting with their windy offers.

For the benefit of those, however, who think that whenever Kilrain or Mitchell mean business and not advertising bait, he will fight either of them, but it must be on a fair basis. Sullivan can get plenty of backing up to \$25,000 for a contest with either Kilrain or Mitchell, but he will not fight for a sum that small. He is in the best of health at present and expects to have a few more fights.

Sullivan says, in answer to the queries of his enemies, that a twenty-four foot ring was good enough for a fight, and that he would fight in a smaller one; that in other days the men were fighters, and that he would fight in a smaller one; that in other days the men were fighters, and that he would fight in a smaller one.

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FU LONG AGAINST CHU FONG.

A VERY PRETTY SAWDUST SWINDLE A LA CHINESE.

Only Floor Is Used in Place of Sawdust, and Smuggled Opium Represents the "Green Goods"—Wicked Man Jones, a Jersey Celestial, Said to Be the Real Villain in the Play.

Those political economists who have, in their arguments against the admission of Chinese emigrants to this country, always had an unanswerable point in the failure of the Celestials to assimilate and become civilized and citizens have received a severe set-back in the indubitable evidence of Americanization brought out in the trial before Justice Beach, in Supreme Court, of the suit brought by Fu Long against Chu Fong for the recovery of \$3,200 which Fu Long alleges Chu Fong has converted to his own use.

It is a new version—perhaps properly to be styled a Chinese version—of the familiar sawdust game, and Fu Long and three of his friends have been banded out of that sum by Chu Fong or by a wicked Jersey Celestial, Sam Jones, of Jersey City.

This variation of the "green goods" swindle is only in the terms. Instead of green goods Chu Fong agreed to sell smuggled opium at one-tenth its value. Instead of a box of sawdust Fu Long and the other dupes got three barrels of flour.

Chu Fong, at \$15 a barrel, but still better than worthless sawdust at \$1.00 a box. And in this display of a little remaining conscience the pigtailed bunco stealer and dealer have left a little ray of consolation for the anti-Chinese advocates.

The poultry market is in a depressed condition just now, and Fu Long declined to swear to tell the truth by clipping off the head of a six-cent-a-pound chicken, but burned three jars of sticks in court and recited a prayer to Confucius. Then he dashed them out Justice Beach's desk, signifying:

"May my own life be extinguished if I deceive from the truth."

Niles and Fales were his counsel. "Through the interpreter Daniel Hall, Fu Long octagonated of the ugliest type testified that Chu Fong told him he knew a man who had three barrels of opium which was smuggled into port and would sell it for \$3,200. He intended to put in \$1,000 towards buying it. Fu Long induced Kwong Long Goo to put in \$800, Pak Sang \$250 and Kwong Cheng Chang \$150. Chu Fong was to put in the rest.

When the green goods—that is to say, the smuggled opium—came to hand it proved to be only flour, and the ancient and goody Deacon Wayback was aggrieved and sued for the money.

William F. Howe appeared as counsel for Chu Fong, and that gentleman was his own first witness. He is a bright young man of thirty years, and said he was born in China, but had been here ten years. His hair was cut "Christian style" and he was fashionably dressed in summer gray. Diamonds were as plentiful on his person as upon that of his counsel.

He said he was an importer, had stores in San Francisco and New York and owned Nos. 1, 12 and 18 West 18th street in America.

He testified through Joseph Henry Singer, an interpreter, and swore on the Bible. He protested that he was the most innocent of men, and that he was a native of the Kingdom of Siam.

He said Sam Jones, an almon-eyed "rascal" of Newark, \$3,500 for the smuggled opium, and so far was he from being a bunco stealer with Jones that he was himself a mourner to the extent of \$300 which he put into the scheme. "Sam Jones was the only swindler."

He had been indicted in Newark, and the District Attorney had all the documentary evidences of the transaction. But he never knew until afterward that the opium had been smuggled into the country and wickedly smuggled into the country to the damage of America's infant industries.

He could read "very few" English, but could say some words.

He had heard the money from Fu Long, but he paid it all to Sam Jones, together with \$600 of his own. He even saw the barrels shipped by the Adams Express Company. Jones must have done the preposterous change afterwards.

He first put the money in the Oriental Bank and drew a check for it. Jones wouldn't accept the check, but wanted money. So Chu Fong drew out the money and paid Sam Jones, and he paid it all to Sam Jones, together with \$600 of his own. He even saw the barrels shipped by the Adams Express Company. Jones must have done the preposterous change afterwards.

Where is Sam Jones? inquired Justice Beach, solicitously.

"We would dearly like to know," responded Mr. Howe reverently. The police of Jersey City and Newark cannot find him.

Chu Fong said he did \$60,000 or \$70,000 business every year, and had plenty of money in his safe now. He pays \$4,500 a year house rent.

Evidence was then introduced to show that efforts had been made to find wicked Sam Jones. Fu Long was recalled and said he was ready to commit suicide if he did not get his money back, and President Niles, of the Tradesmen's National Bank, testified that Chu Fong had told two different stories about that transaction with Sam Jones.

This closed the evidence and the case was given to the jury.

Standing of the Clubs Yesterday.

CLUBS.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Chicago...	21	100
Detroit...	27	100
Boston...	25	100
Philadelphia...	22	100
Pittsburgh...	22	100
Washington...	18	100
Indianapolis...	18	100

Games Scheduled for To-Day.

CLUBS.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
New York at Boston.		
Pittsburgh at Chicago.		
Indianapolis at Detroit.		

Association.

CLUBS.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Brooklyn at Philadelphia.		
Cleveland at Baltimore.		

Central League.

CLUBS.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Wilkesbarre at Jersey City.		
Scranton at Erie.		
Binghamton at Elmira.		
Elmira at Altoona.		

Nothing of the Kind.

has ever been issued that is so instructive and so interesting as the album of the Governors and States. A beautiful sample card, together with certificate, is included in every pack of Turkish Cross-Cut Cigarettes. 75 of these cigarettes entitle you to the album.

DIED PROVING HIS INNOCENCE.

A Negro Hanged in Louisville for a Crime He Says He Did Not Commit.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

LOUISVILLE, June 22.—William Patterson, a negro, was hanged in the jail yard shortly after daylight this morning. His conduct on the scaffold was the most vigorous protest of innocence possibly ever heard from a man executed by the law. He concluded by saying:

"I have never seen my so-called victim, and either before or after her death could not distinguish her from Queen Victoria herself. I know that no earthly power can now save me from this," glancing at the noose, "but I swear I am as innocent of her death as I am that of Marie Antoinette."

The execution was a most bunglesome affair. The noose had not been properly adjusted, and when the trap was